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**THE BATTLE OF
ALCAZAR
1594**

**THE MALONE SOCIETY
REPRINTS
1907**

name in *England's Parnassus* (1600, s.v. Country). Such an attribution is not, indeed, indisputable evidence, but in the present case there is no reason to suppose it incorrect. The author seems to have used the 'Historia de Bello Africano . . . in Latinum translata per Ioannem Thomam Freigium D. Noribergae' (1580). A contemporary account of the battle will also be found in the State Papers (Foreign, Aug. 1578).

The only early edition which is known to have appeared is dated 1594. Of this there are copies in the British Museum (C. 34. b. 1), Bodleian, Dyce, and Huth libraries, all perfect except for the blank leaf at the end, which is uniformly absent. The text is seriously corrupt, and the printing very irregular in the use of italics for names and stage directions. Anomalous instances of 'v' (medially), 's' (e.g. before 'd'), and 'f' (before 'f') occur; also a sprinkling of wrong fount letters which have not been retained in the reprint. The smallness of the type, the narrowness of the spacing, and the irregularity of the casting, combine to make it difficult to decide for certain where spaces occur and where not. It seemed safest, under the circumstances, to give the printer the benefit of the doubt, where the meaning was clear, and to call attention to doubtful points in the subjoined list. Since this list is merely intended to substantiate the fidelity of the reprint, only such irregularities are, as a rule, recorded as escaped notice in the careful edition of Peele's works by A. H. Bullen. The British Museum and Dyce copies, which differ in a few readings (see list), have been collated throughout for the purposes of the present reprint, while the others recorded above have been consulted on specific points. One copy often supplies small deficiencies, such as defaced letters and the

like, occurring in another. Little value attaches to the punctuation of the original: it has been scrupulously reproduced, but no notice of its frequent irregularities is taken in the following list. The original is printed in a roman type of the usual character and a body slightly smaller than modern Pica (20 ll. = 82 mm.).

IRREGULAR AND DOUBTFUL READINGS

T.P.	9. Asi t (<i>B.M.</i>) Asit (<i>Dyce, Huth</i>)	Text 897. lead
	12. shopp e (?)	915. receines
H.T.	1. Alcazzar (<i>Dyce, Bodl.</i>)	965. pretends
R.T. A3 ^v .	Alcazzar (<i>Dyce, Bodl.</i>)	985. Ropose
Text	17. deifnes	1017. dant
	71. Alhaile	1079. Areil (Arzil ?)
	101. ofthis (?)	1097. thinkes
	139. <i>Muli zaref</i>	1132. firstdispose, (?)
	143. <i>Mulizaref</i>	1144. force, (<i>comma doubtful</i>)
	263. Muly Zarif	1164. a duife (?)
	267. blond,	1189. vncaldel (?)
	292. flight	1193. exclime
	305. <i>secunda</i> .	1216. wine
	450. yoo	1227. a worke, (?)
	513. wonnd	1233. Driuc
	518. foul e (?)	1249. Tifons (Titan's ?)
	568. Father s (?)	1270. descendethfame (?)
	582. <i>lyons</i> (<i>raw?</i> see Plot)	1281. Casyopa
	590. childlish	1297. Geue
	605. ofall, (?)	1302. still. then (?)
	619. <i>Sebastian</i> (the <i>e</i> is indistinguishable)	1336. Skirmidge,
	698. vnro (?)	1379. ouer-rod.
	750. Veptune	1389. borfe (<i>B.M., Dyce</i>)
	766. fore (<i>B.M. only</i>)	1411. rultheffe
	792. fath	1423. Eocus,
	847. with (will ?)	1488. Lifshorne
		1505. MahometSeth (?)

The quarto prints: Anwerpe, Argier, Cardis, Lisborne, and Tangar or Tanger.

LIST OF CHARACTERS,
in order of entrance.

The Presenter.

ABDELMELEC, uncle of the Moor.
 CALSEPIUS BASSA } followers of Ab-
 ARGERD ZAREO } delmelec.
 ABDIL RAYES }
 MULY MAHAMET XEQUE (SETH),
 brother of Abdelmelec.
 RUBIN ARCHES, widow of Abdel-
 munen.
 MULY MAHAMET, the Moor.
 MULY MAHAMET, the younger, his
 son.
 PISANO, his captain.
 a Messenger.
 a Queen.
 DIEGO LOPIS, governor of Lisbon.
 an Irish Bishop.
 TOM STUKLEY.
 JONAS } Italians in Stukley's ser-
 HERCULES } vice.
 CALIPOLIS, wife of the Moor.
 ZAREO, a follower of the Moor.
 SEBASTIAN, king of Portugal.

The Duke of AVERO
 The Duke of BARCELES } his
 LEWES DE SELVA } follow-
 CHRISTOPHERO DE TAVERA } ers.
 Ambassadors from the Moor.
 Ambassadors of Spain.
 a Legate.
 a Follower of Stukley (?).
 DON DE MENYSIS, governor of
 Tangier.
 two Captains in his service.
 Lord LODOWICK.
 CELYBYN, a follower of Abdelmelec.
 a Boy, serving the Moor.
 a Portuguese soldier.
 a Moorish soldier (?).

In the Dumb Shows.

two young Brothers of the Moor.
 two Murderers.
 ABDELMUNEN, uncle of the Moor.
 three Ghosts.
 FAME.
 Moors, Janissaries, Ladies, Soldiers.

The names are to some extent corrupt. Muly Mahamet Xequé is called Muly Mahamet Seth in his later entrances. The two Zareos are probably due to confusion. Calipolis properly enters in I. ii, and is addressed, though she has no part in the scene (cf. l. 221, and see Plot). Lord Lodowick is addressed (l. 1052), but has no part. He is presumably the Lodevico Caesar mentioned later (l. 1114).

The thanks of the Society are due to Mr. A. H. Huth
for information concerning his copy of the original.



THE
BATTLE

OF ALCAZAR, FOUGHT
in Barbarie, betweene Sebastian king
of Portugall, and Abdelmelec king
of Marocco. With the
death of Captaine
Srkeley.

As it was sundrie times plaid by the Lord high Admirall his seruants.



Imprinted at London by Edward Allde for Richard
Bankworth, and are to be solde at his shoppe in
Pouls Churchyard at the signe of the
Sunne. 1 5 9 4.

At RECTO.



The Tragicall battell of Alcazzar in Barba-
rie. With the death of three Kings, and
Captaine Stukley an Englishman.

Enter the Presenter.



Honor the spurre that pricks the prince-
ly minde,
To followe rule and climbe the stately
chaire; (gall,
With great desire inflames the Portin-
An honorable and couragious king,
To yndertake a dangerous dreadfull warre,
And aide with christian armes the barbarous Moore,
The Negro *Muty Hamet* that with-holds
The kingdome from his vnk'e *Abdimeles*,
Whom proud *Abdallas* wrongd,
And in his throne instals his cruell sonne,
That now vsurps vpon this prince,
This braue Barbarian Lord *Muty Molocco*.
The passage to the crowne by murder made,
Abdallas dies, and deifnes this tyrant king,
Of whome we treat sprong from the Arabian moore
Blacke in his looke, and b'oudie in his deeds,
And in his shirt staine with a clowd of gore,
Presents himselfe with naked sword in hand,
Accompanied as now you may behold;
With deuils coted in the shapes of men.

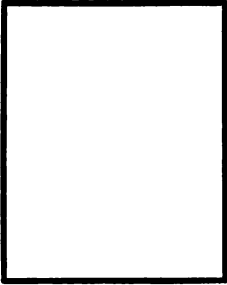
A 2

The

FACSIMILES BY HORACE HART, M.A., AT THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

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Enter the Presenter.

Act I

Honor the spurre that pricks the prince-
ly minde,
To followe rule and climbe the stately
chaire, (gall,
With great desire inflames the Portin-
An honorable and couragious king,
To vndertake a dangerous dreadfull warre,
And aide with christian armes the barbarous Moore,
The Negro *Muly Hamet* that with-holds 10
The kingdome from his vnkle *Abdilmelec*,
Whom proud *Abdallas* wrongd,
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Blacke in his looke, and bloudie in his deeds,
And in his shirt staine with a cloud of gore, 20
Presents himselfe with naked sword in hand,
Accompanied as now you may behold,
With deuils coted in the shapes of men.

A 2

The

The battell of Alcazar

The first dumbe shew.

Enter Muly Mabamet and his sonne, and his two young brethren, the Moore sheweth them the bed, and then takes his leaue of them, and they betake them to their rest. And then the presenter speaketh.

Like those that were by kind of murther mumd,
30 Sit downe and see what hainous stratagems
These damned wits contriue. And lo alas
How lyke poore lambes prepar'd for sacrifice,
This traitor king hales to their longest home,
These tender Lords his yonger brethren both.

The second dumbe shew.

Enter the Moore and two murderers bringing in his vnkle Abdelmunen, then they draw the curtains and smother the yong princes in the bed. Which done, in fight of the vnkle they strangle him in his chaire, and then goe forth. And then the
40 *Presenter saith.*

His brethren thus in fatall bed beheartft,
His fathers brother of too light beleefe,
This Negro puts to death by proud command.
Saie not these things are faind, for true they are,
And vnderstand how eager to inioy
His fathers crowne, this vnbeleeuing Moore
Murthering his vnkle and his brethren,
Triumphs in his ambitious tyrannie,
Till Nemisis high mistres of reuenge,
50 That with her scourge keepes all the world in awe,
With thundering drums awakes the God of warre,
And cals the furies from Auernus crags,
To range and rage, and vengeance to inflict
Vengeance on this accursed Moore for finne,
And now behold how Abdelmelec comes,
Vnkle to this vnhappy traitor king,

Armde

in Barbarie.

Armd with great aide that *Amurath* had sent,
Great *Amurath* Emperor of the East,
For seruice done to *Sultan Solimon*,
Vnder whose colours he had serud in field, 60
Flying the furie of this Negroes father,
That wrongd his brethren to install his sonne.
Sit you and see this true and tragicke warre,
A modern matter full of bloud and ruth,
Where three bolde kings confounded in their height,
Fell to the earth contending for a crowne,
And call this warre *The battell of Alcazar*. *Exit*.

*Sound Drummes and trumpets, and enter Abdilmelec Act 1
with Calcepius Bassa and his gard, and Zareo a Moore with sc. i
souldiers.* 70

Abdel. Alhaile Argerd Zareo and yee Moores,
Salute the frontires of your natiue home,
Cease ratling drums, and Abdilmelec here
Throw vp thy trembling hands to heauens throne
Pay to thy God due thanks, and thanks to him
That strengthens thee with mightie gracious armes,
Against the proud vsurper of thy right,
The roiall seate and crowne of Barbarie,
Great Amurath great Emperour of the world,
The world beare witnesse how I do adore 80
The sacred name of Amurath the great.
Calcepius Bassa, *Bassa Calcepius*
To thee and to thy trustie band of men
That carefully attend vs in our camp,
Pickt souldiers comparable to the guard
Of Mermidons, that kept Achilles tent
Such thanks we giue to thee, and to them all,
As may conferne a poore distressed king
In honour and in princely curtesie.

A 3

Baf.

The battell of Alcazar

90 *Bafsa.* Curteous and honourable *Abdilmelec*,
 VVe are not come at *Amuraths* command,
 As merfenarie men to serue for pay,
 But as sure friends by our great master sent
 To gratifie and to remunerate,
 Thy loue, thy loialtie, and forwardnes,
 Thy seruice in his fathers dangerous warre,
 And to performe in view of all the world,
 The true office of right and roialtie,
 To see thee in thy kingly chaire inthronde,
 100 To settle and to seate thee in the same,
 To make thee Emperor of this Barbarie,
 Are come the viseroies and sturdie Ianifaries
 Of *Amurath*, sonne to *Sultan Solimon*.

*Enter Muly Mabamet Xequé, Rubin Arches, Abdil
 Rayes, with others.*

Abdil Rayes Long liue my Lord the foueraigne of
 my heart,
 Lord *Abdilmelecke* whom the God of kings,
 The mightie *Amurath* hath happie made,
 110 And long liue *Amurath* for this good deed.

Muly Mab. Our Moores haue seen the siluer moons
 to wane,

In banners brauely spreading ouer the plaine,
 And in this semicircles haue descride
 All in a golden field a starre to rise,
 A glorious comet that begins to blase,
 Promising happie sorting to vs all.

Rubyn. Braue man at armes whom *Amurath* hath sent
 To sow the lawfull true succeeding seed
 120 In Barbarie, that bowes and grones withall
 Vnder a proud vsurping tyrants mase,
 Right thou the wrongs this rightfull king hath borne.

Abd.

in Barbarie.

Abdilm. Distressed ladies and yee dames of Fesse,
 Sprong from the true Arabian *Muly Xarif*
 The loadstarre and the honor of our line,
 Now cleere your watrie eies, wipe teares away,
 And cheerfully giue welcome to these armes,
Amurath hath sent scourges by his men,
 To whip that tyrant traitor king from hence,
 That hath vsurpt from vs, and maimd you all.
 Souldiers sith rightfull quarrels ayde
 Succesfull are, and men that manage them
 Fight not in feare as traitors and their pheres
 That you may vnderstand what armes we beare,
 What lawfull armes against our brothers sonne,
 In fight of heauen, euen of mine honors worth,
 Truly I will deliuer and discourse
 The summe of all. Descended from the line
 Of *Mabomet*, our grandfire *Muli zaref*
 With store of golde and treasure leaues Arabia,
 And strongly plants himselfe in Barbary,
 And of the Moores that now with vs do wend,
 Our grandfire *Mulizaref* was the first,
 From him well wot ye *Muly Mabamet Xequé*,
 Who in his life time made a perfect lawe,
 Confirmd with generall voice of all his peeres
 That in his kingdome should succesuiely
 His sonnes succeede. *Abdullas* was the first
 Eldest of faire *Abdelmenen* the second,
 And we the rest my brother and my selfe,
Abdullas raigned his time. But see the change,
 He labours to inuest his sonne in all,
 To disanull the lawe our father made,
 And dis-inherite vs his brethren,
 And in his life time wrongfully proclaimes,
 His sonne for king that now contends with vs,
 Therefore I craue to reobtaine my right

130

140

150

That

The battell of Alcazar

That *Muly Mabamet* the traitor holdes,
Traitor and bloudie tyrant both at once,
160 That murdered his yonger brethren both,
But on this damned wretch, this traitor king,
The Gods shal poure down showers of sharp reuenge.
And thus a matter not to you vnknown
I haue deliuered. Yet for no distrust
Of loyaltie my welbeloued friend,
But that the occasions fresh in memorie
Of these incumbers, so may moue your mindes,
As for the lawfull true succeeding prince,
Ye neither thinke your liues nor honors deare
170 Spent in a quarrell iust and honorable.

Bassa. Such and no other we repute the cause,
That forwardly for thee we vndertake,
Thrice puissant and renowned *Abdilmelec*,
And for thine honor, safetie and crowne,
Our liues and honours frankly to expose,
To all the dangers that our warre attends,
As freely and as resolutely all,
As anie Moore whom thou commandest most.

Muly Xe. And why is *Abdilmelec* then so slow
180 To chastise him with furie of the sword,
Whose pride doth swell to sway beyond his reach,
Follow this pride then with furie of reuenge.

Rub. Ar. Of death, of bloud, of wreake, and deepe
reuenge,

Shall Rubin Archis frame her tragicke songs,
In bloud, in death, in murder and misdeede,
This heauens mallice did begin and end.

Abdilm. Rubin these rights to Abdelmunens ghost,
Haue pearst by this to Plutos graue below,
190 The bells of Pluto ring reuenge amaine,
The furies and the fiends conspire with thee,
Warre bids me drawe my weapons for reuenge

Of

in Barbarie.

Of my deepe wrongs, and my deare brothers death.

Muly Xc. Sheath not your swords you soulders of Amurath,

Sheath not your swords you Mores of Barbary
That fight in right of your annointed king,
But follow to the gates of death and hell,
Pale death and hell to entertaine his soule.

Follow I saie to burning *Pblegiton*, 200
This traitor tyrant and his companies.

Baf. Heaue vp your swords against these stony holds,
Wherein these barbarous rebels are inclosde,
Called for is Abdilmelec by the Gods,
To fit vpon the throne of Barbarie.

Abd. Ra. Bassa great thanks the honor of the Turks.
Forward braue Lords vnto this rightfull warre,
How can this battell but succesfull be,
Where courage meeteth with a rightfull cause?

Rub. Go in good time my best beloued Lord, 210
Succesfull in thy worke thou vndertakes. *Exit.*

Enter the Moore in his Chariot, attended with his sonne. Act I
Pisano his captaine with his gard and treasure. sc. ii

Moore. *Pisano*, take a cornet of our horse,
As many argolets and armed pikes,
And with our carriage march awaie before
By Scyras, and those plots of ground
That to Moroccus leads the lower waie.
Our enemies keepe vpon the mountaine tops,
And haue incampt themselues not farre from Fesse, 220
Madame, gold is the glue, sinewes, and strength of war,
And we must see our treasure may go safe,
Away.

Now boy whats the newes?

Muly Mab. The newes my Lord is warre, warre and
B reuenge.

The battell of Alcazar

reuenge.

And if I shall declare the circumstance,
Tis thus.

- Rubyn our vnkles wife that wrings her hands
230 For Abdilmunens death, accompanied
With many dames of Fesse in mourning weeds,
Neere to Argier encountred Abdilmelec,
That bends his force puft vp with Amuraths aide,
Against your holds and castles of defence.
The yonger brother Muly Mahamet Seth,
Greetes the great Bassa, that the king of Turkes
Sends to inuade your right and royall realme,
And basely beg reuenge, arch-rebels all,
To be inflict vpon our progenie.
- 240 *Moore.* Why boy, is Amuraths Bassa such a bug,
That he is markt to do this doubtie deed?
Then Bassa locke the winds in wards of brasse,
Thunder from heauen damne wretched men to death
Barre all the offices of Saturnes sonnes,
Be Pluto then in hell and barre the fiends,
Take Neptunes force to thee and calme the seas,
And execute Ioues iustice on the world,
Conuey Tamberlaine into our Affrike here,
To chastice and to menace lawfull kings,
- 250 Tamberlaine triumph not, for thou must die
As Philip did, Cæsar, and Cæsars peeres.
Muly Mab. The Bassa grossly flattered to his face,
And Amuraths praise aduancde aboue the sound
Vpon the plaines, the souldiers being spread,
And that braue gard of sturdie Ianizaries,
That Amurath to Abdilmelec gaue,
And bad him boldly be to them as safe,
As if he slept within a walled towne,
Who take them to their weapons threatning reuenge.
- 260 Bloudie reuenge, bloudie reuengefull warre.

Moore.

in Barbarie.

Moore. Awaie, and let me heare no more of this,
Why boy, are we successeurs to the great Abdilmelec,
Descended from the Arabian Muly Zarif,
And shall we be afraide of Bassas and of bugs,
Rawe head and bloudie bone?
Boy, seeft here this femitarie by my fide,
Sith they begin to bath in blond,
Bloud be the theame whereon our time shall tread,
Such slaughter with my weapon shall I make,
As through the streame and bloudie chanel deepe, 270
Our Moores shall faile in ships and pinnaces,
From Tanger shore vnto the gates of Fesse.

Muly Mab. And of those slaughtered bodies shall
thy sonne,
A huge towre erect like Nemrods frame,
To threaten those vniust and parcial Gods,
That to Abdallas lawfull seed denie,
A long, a happie, and triumphant raigne.

Sound an alarum within, and enter a
messenger.

280

Mef. Flie king of Fesse, king of Moroccus flie,
Flie with thy friends Emperour of Barbary,
O flie the sword and furie of the foe,
That rageth as the ramping lyoness,
In rescue of her yonglings from the beare,
Thy townes and holds by numbers basely yeeld,
Thy land to Abdilmelecs rule resignes,
Thy carriage and thy treasure taken is
By Amuraths souldiers, that haue sworne thy death,
Flie Amuraths power, and Abdilmelecs threats, 290
Or thou and thine looke heere to breath your last.

More. Villain, what dreadfull sound of death & flight
Is this, wherewith thou doest afflict our eares?
But if there be no safetie to abide

B 2

The

The battell of Alcazar

The fauor, fortune, and successe of warre.
Away in haft, roule on my chariot wheelles
Restlesse, till I be safely set in shade
Of some vnanted place, some blasted groue
Of deadly hue, or dismall cypres tree,
300 Farre from the light or comfort of the Sunne,
There to curse heauen, and he that heaues me hence,
To seeke as Enuie at Cecropes gate,
And pine the thought and terrour of mishaps,
Awaie. *Exit.*

Act II Actus secunda. Scæna prima.

Alarum.

And then the presenter speaketh.
Now warre begins his rage and ruthlesse raine,
And Nemisis with bloudie whip in hand,
310 Thunders for vengeance on this Negro moore.
Nor may the silence of the speechlesse night,
Diuine Architects of murthers and misdeeds,
Of tragedies, and tragicke tyrannies,
Hide or containe this barbarous crueltie
Of this vsurper to his progenie.

Three gbofts crying Vindicta.

Hearke Lords, as in a hollow place a farre,
The dreadfull shrikes and clamors that resound,
And found reuenge vpon this traitors soule,
320 Traitor to kinne and kinde, to Gods and men.
Now Nemisis vpon her doubling drum,
Moude with this gaffly mone, this sad complaint,
Larumes aloud into Alectos eares,
And with her thundering wakes whereas they lie,
In caue as darke as hell, and beds of steele,
The furies iust impes of dire reuenge,

Reuenge

in Barbarie.

Reuenge cries Abdilmelecs griued ghost,
 And rouseth with the terror of this noise
 These nymphs of Erybus. Wreake and reuenge
 Ring out the soules of his vnhappie brethren, 330
 And now start vp these torments of the world,
 Wakt with the thunder of Ramufians drum,
 And feareful ecchos of these griued ghosts,
 Alecto with her brand and bloudie torch,
 Megæra with her whip and snakie haire,
 Typhphone with her fatall murthering yron,
 These three conspire, these three complaine & mone,
 Thus Muly Mahamet is a counsell held,
 To wreake the wrongs and murthers thou hast done.
 By this imagine was this barbarous Moore 340
 Chafed from his dignitie and his diademe,
 And liues forlorne among the mountaine shrubs,
 And makes his food the flesh of sauage beasts.
 Amureths souldiers haue by this instald
 Good Abdelmelec in his roiall seate,
 The dames of Fesse and ladies of the land,
 In honor of the sonne of Soliman,
 Erect a statue made of beaten gold,
 And sing to Amurath songs of lasting praise.
 Muly Mahamets furie ouer-rulde, 350
 His crueltie controld, and pride rebukt,
 Now at last when sober thoughts renude,
 Care of his kingdome and desired crowne,
 The aide that once was offered and refusde
 By messengers, he furiously imployes,
 Sebastians aide braue king of Portugall,
 He forward in all armes and chiuallrie
 Harkens to his Embassadors, and grants
 What they in letters and by words intreate.
 Now listen lordings now begins the game,

B 3

Sebasti- 360

The battell of Alcazar

Sebastians tragedie in this tragicke warre.

Act II Alarum within, and then enter Abdilmelec, Muly
sc. i Mahamet Seth, Calsepheus Bassa, with Moores and Iazaries, and the Ladies.

Abdil. Now hath the Sun displaid his golden beams,
And duskie clouds dispearst, the welkin cleeres,
Wherein the twentie coloured rainbow shewes,
After this fight happie and fortunate,
Wherein our Moores haue lost the day,
370 And victorie adorned with fortunes plumes,
Alights on Abdelmelecs glorious creast,
Here finde we time to breath, and now begin
To paie thy due and duties thou doest owe,
To heauen and earth, to Gods and Amurath.

Sound Trumpets.

And now drawe neere, and heauen and earth giue eare
Giue eare and record heauen and earth with me,
Ye Lords of Barbarie hearken and attend,
Hearke to the wordes I speake, and vowe I make,
380 To plant the true succession of the crowne,
Loe Lords, in our seate roiall to succede,
Our onely brother here we doo install,
And by the name of Muly Mahamet Seth,
Intitle him true heire vnto the crowne,
Ye Gods of heauen gratulate this deed,
That men on earth may therewith stand content.
Lo thus my due and duetie is done, I paie
To heauen and earth, to Gods and Amurath.

Sound Trumpets.

390 *Muly Mab.* Renowned Bassa, to remunerate
Thy worthines and magnanimitie,
Behold the noblest ladies of the land,
Bring present tokens of their gratitude.

Rubin

in Barbarie.

Rub. Ar. Rubin that breaths but for reuenge,
Bassa by this commends her selfe to thee
Resigne the token of her thankfulnes
To Amurath the God of earthly kings,
Doth Rubin giue and sacrifice her sonne,
Not with sweet smoake of fire, or sweet perfume,
But with his fathers sword, his mothers thankses 400
Doth Rubin giue her sonne to Amurath.

Queene. As Rubin giues her sonne, so we our selues
To Amurath giue, and fall before his face.
Bassa, weare thou the golde of Barbarie,
And glister like the pallace of the Sunne,
In honour of the deed that thou hast dun.

Bas. Well worthie of the aide of Amurath,
Is Abdilmelec and these noble dames,
Rubin thy sonne I shall ere long bestow,
Where thou doest him bequeath in honours fee, 410
On Amurath, mightie Emperor of the East,
That shall receiue the impe of roiall race,
With cheerefull lookes and gleames of princely grace,
This chosen gard of Amuraths Ienizaries,
I leaue to honor and attend on thee,
King of Marocco conqueror of thy foes,
True king of Fesse, Emperor of Barbarie,
Muly Molocco liue and keepe thy seate,
In spite of fortunes spite or enemies threats,
Ride Bassa now, bold Bassa homeward ride, 420
As glorious as great Pompey in his pride.

Exit omnes.

Enter Diego Lopis gouernor of Lisborne, the Irish Bishop, Act II
Stukley, Ionas, and Hercules. sc. ii.

Dieg. Welcome to Lisborne valiant Catholikes,
Welcome braue English-men to Portugall,
Most reuerent primate of the Irish Church.

And

The battell of Alcazar

And noble *Stukeley* famous by thy name,
Welcome, thrice welcome to Sebastians towne,
430 And welcome English captaines to you all,
It ioyeth vs to see his holynes fleet,
Cast ancor happily vpon our coast.
Bishop. These welcomes worthie gouernor of Lif-
borne,

Argue an honorable minde in thee,
But treate of our misfortune therewithall,
To Ireland by pope Gregories command,
Were we all bound, and therefore thus imbarckt,
To land our forces there at vnawares,
440 Conquering the land for his holynesse,
And so restore it to the Romane faith,
This was the cause of our expedition,
And Ireland long ere this had bin subdude,
Had not foule weather brought vs to this bay.

Diego. Vnder correction, are ye not all Englishmen,
And longs not Ireland to that kingdome Lords?
Then may I speake my conscience in the cause,
Sance scandall to the holy sea of Rome,
Vnhonorable is this expedition,
450 And misbeseeming yoo to meddle in.

Stuk. Lord gouernour of Lisborne vnderstand,
As we are Englishmen, so are we men,
And I am Stukley so resolute in all,
To follow rule, honor and Emperie,
Not to be bent so strictly to the place,
Wherein at first I blew the fire of life,
But that I may at libertie make choise,
Of all the continents that bounds the world,
For why? I make it not so great desert
460 To be begot or borne in anie place,
Sith thats a thing of pleasure and of ease,
That might haue bin performd else-where as well.

Die

in Barbarie.

Die. Follow what your good pleasure will,
Good Captaine Stukley be it farre from me
To take exceptions beyond my priuiledge.

Bish. Yet captaine giue me leaue to speake,
We must affect our countrie as our parents,
And if at anie time we alianate
Our loue or industrie from doing it honor,
It must respect effects and touch the soule,
Matter of conscience and religion,
And not desire of rule or benefite.

470

Stuk. Well said Bishop, spoken like your selfe,
The reuerent lordly bishop of saint Asses.

Herc. The bishop talkes according to his coate,
And takes not measure of it by his minde,
You see he hath it made thus large and wide,
Because he may conuert it as he list,
To anie forme may fit the fashion best,

Bish. Captaine you do me wrong to descant thus, 480
Vpon my coate or double conscience,
And cannot answere it in another place.

Die. Tis but in iest, Lord bishop put it vp,
And all as friends daine to be entertaind,
As my abilitie here can make prouision,
Shortly shall I conduct you to the king,
Whose welcomes euermore to strangers are,
Princely and honorable as his state becomes.

Stuk. Thankes worthie gouernor, come bishop come
Will you shew fruits of quarrell and of wrath, 490
Come let vs in with my Lord of Lisborne here.
And put all conscience into one carouse,
Letting it out againe, as we may liue.
There shall no action passe my hand or sword,
That cannot make a step to gaine a crowne,
No word shall passe the office of my tong,
That sounds not of affection to a crowne,

C

No

The battell of Alcazar

No thought haue being in my lordly brest,
That workes not euerie waie to win a crowne,
500 Deeds, wordes and thoughts shall all be as a kings,
My chieftest companie shall be with kings,
And my deserts shall counterpoise a kings,
Why should not I then looke to be a king?
I am the marques now of Ireland made,
And will be shortly king of Ireland,
King of a mole-hill had I rather be,
Than the richest subiect of a monarchie,
Huffe it braue minde, and neuer cease t'aspire,
509 Before thou raigne sole king of thy desire. *Exeunt.*

*Act II Enter the Moore, with Calipolis his wife, Muly Mahamet
sc. iii his sonne, and two others.*

Moore. Where art thou boy, where is Calypolis?
O deadly wonnd that passeth by mine eie,
The fatall prison of my swelling heart!
O fortune constant in vnconstancie!
Fight earth-quakes in the intrailles of the earth,
And Easterne whirl-windes in the hellish shades,
Some foule contagion of the infected heauen,
Blast all the trees, and in their cursed tops,
520 The dismall night rauens and tragike owle
Breed, and become fore-tellers of my fall,
The fatall ruine of my name and me,
Adders and serpents hisse at my disgrace,
And wound the earth with anguish of their stings,
Now Abdelmelec, now triumph in Fesse,
Fortune hath made thee king of Barbary.

Caly. Alas my Lord, what boots these huge exclaims
To aduantage vs in this distrest estate,
O pittie our perplext estate my Lord,
530 And turne all curses to submisse complaints,
And those complaints to actions of reliefe,
I faint my Lord, and naught may curving plaintes

Refresh

in Barbarie.

Refresh the fading substance of my life.

Moore. Faint all the world, consume and be accurst,
Since my state faints and is accurst.

Calyp. Yet patience Lord to conquere sorrowes so.

More. What patience is for him that lacks his crown?

There is no patience where the losse is such,
The shame of my disgrace hath put on wings,
And swiftly flies about this earthly ball, 540
Car'ft thou to liue then fond Calypolis,
When he that should giue essence to thy soule,
He on whose glorie all thy ioy should stay,
Is soulelesse, glorylesse, and desperate,
Crying for battell, famine, sword and fire,
Rather then calling for reliefe or life.
But be content, thy hunger shall haue end,
Famine shall pine to death and thou shalt liue,
I will go hunt these cursed solitaries,
And make the sword and target here my hound, 550
To pull downe lyons and vntamed beasts. *Exit.*

Mab. Tush mother, cherish your vnheartie soule,
And feede with hope of happines and ease,
For if by valor or by policie,
My kingly father can be fortunate,
We shall be Ioues commanders once againe,
And flourish in a three-fold happines.

Zarco His maiestie hath sent Sebastian
The good and harmelesse king of Portugall,
A promise to resigne the roialtie 560
And kingdome of Marocco to his hands,
But when this haughtie offer takes effect,
And workes affiance in Sebastian,
My gracious Lord warnd wisely to aduise,
I doubt not but will watch occasion,
And take her fore-top by the slenderest haire,
To rid vs of this miserable life.

The battell of Alcazar

Mab. Good madame cheere your selfe, my Fathers
wife,

- 570 He can submit himselfe and liue below,
Make shew of friendship, promise, vow and sweare,
Till by the vertue of his faire pretence,
Sebastian trusting his integritie,
He makes himselfe possessor of such fruits,
As grow vpon such great aduantages.
Calip. But more dishonor hangs on such misdeeds,
Than all the profit their returne can beare,
Such secret iudgements hath the heauens imposde
Vpon the drouping state of Barbarie,
580 As publike merites in such lewd attempts,
Hath drawne with violence vpon our heads.

*Enter Muly Mahamet with Lyons flesh vpon
his sworde.*

- Mu. Ma.* Hold thee Calypolis feed and faint no more,
This flesh I forced from a lyonesse,
Meate of a princeesse, for a princeesse meate,
Learne by her noble stomacke to esteeme
Penurie plentie, in extreamest dearth,
Who when she sawe her foragement bereft,
590 Pinde not in melancholy or childlish feare,
But as braue mindes are strongest in extreames,
So she redoubling her former force
Rangde thorough the woodes, and rent the breeding
vaultes
Of proudest sauages to saue her selfe,
Feede then and faint not faire Calypolis,
For rather than fierce famine shall preuaile,
To gnaw thy intrailles with her thornie teeth,
The conquering lyonesse shall attend on thee,
600 And laie huge heapes of slaughtered carcases

As

in Barbarie.

As bulwarkes in her waie to keepe her backe.
I will prouide thee of a princely ofpraie,
That as she flyeth ouer fish in pooles,
The fish shall turne their glistering bellies vp,
And thou shalt take thy liberall choice of all,
Ioues stately bird with wide commanding wings
Shall houer still about thy princely head,
And beate downe fowle by sholes into thy lap,
Feede then and faint not faire Calypolis.

Calyp. Thanks good my Lord, and though my sto- 610
macke be

Too queasie to digest such bloudie meate,
Yet strength I it with vertue of my minde,
I doubt no whit but I shall liue my Lord.

Moore. Into the shades then faire Calypolis,
And make thy sonne and Negros here good cheere,
Feede and be fat that we may meete the foe
With strength and terror to reuenge our wrong. 618

*Enter Sebastian king of Portugall, the Duke of Auero, Act II
the duke of Barceles, Leues de Silua, Christophero de Tauera sc. iv*

Sebast. Call forth those Moores, those men of Bar-
barie,
That came with letters from the king of Fesse.
Exit one.

Ye warlike lords and men of chivalrie,
Honorable Embassadors of this high regent,
Harke to Sebastian king of Portugall:
These letters sent from your distressed Lord,
Torne from his throne by Abdilmelecs hand,
Strengthened and raised by furious Amurath, 630
Imports a kingly fauor at our hands,
For aide to reobtaine his roiall seate,
And place his fortunes in their former height.

C 3

For

The battell of Alcazar

- For quitall of which honorable armes,
By these his letters he doth firmly vow,
Wholy to yeeld and to surrender vp
The kingdome of Maroccus to our hands,
And to become to vs contributarie,
And to content himselfe with the realme of Fesse,
640 These lines my Lords writ in extremitie,
Containe therefore but during fortunes date,
How shall Sebastian then beleue the same?
Embaf. Vicerioies, and most christian king of Por-
tugall,
To satisfie thy doubtfull minde heerein,
Command forthwith a blasing brand of fire
Be brought in presence of thy maiestie,
Then shalt thou see by our religious vowes
And ceremonies most inuiolate
650 How firme our foueraignes protestations are,
Beholde my Lord, this bindes our faith to thee,
In token that great Muly Mahamets hand
Hath writ no more than his stout heart allowes,
And will performe to thee and to thine heires,
We offer heere our hands into this flame,
And as this flame doth fasten on this flesh,
So from our soules we wish it may consume
The heart of our great Lord and foueraigne
Muly Mahamet king of Barbarie,
660 If his intent agree not with his wordes.
Sebast. These ceremonies and protestations
Sufficeth vs ye Lordes of Barbarie,
Therefore returne this answere to your king,
Assure him by the honour of my crowne,
And by Sebastians true vnfained faith
He shall haue aide and succour to recouer,
And seate him in his former emperie,
Let him relie vpon our princely word,

Tell

in Barbarie.

Tell him by August we will come to him,
With such a power of braue impatient mindes, 670
As Abdelmelec and great Amurath
Shall tremble at the strength of Portugall.

Emb. Thanks to the renowned king of Portugal
On whose stout promises our state depend.

Sebast. Barbarians go glad your distressed king, *Exit.*
And saie Sebastian liues to right his wrong,
Duke of Auero call in those English-men,
Don Stukley, and those Captaines of the fleet
That lately landed in our bay of Lisborne.

Now breath Sebastian, and in breathing blow 680
Some gentle gale of thy new formed ioyes,
Duke of Auero, it shall be your charge,
To take the muster of the Portugals,
And brauest blouds of all our countrie,
Lewes de Sylua you shall be dispatcht
With letters vnto Philip king of Spaine,
Tell him we craue his aide in this behalfe,
I know our brother Philip nill denie
His furtherance in this holy christian warre,
Duke of Barceles as thy ancestors 690
Haue alwaies loiall bin to Portugall,
So now in honor of thy toward youth,
Thy charge shall be to Anwerpe speedily,
To hire vs mercenarie men at armes,
Promise them princely paie, and be thou sure
Thy word is ours, Sebastian speakes the word.

Cbri. I beseech your maiestie imploy me in this war.

Seb. Christopher de Tauera, next vnto my selfe
My good Efectian, and my bedfellow,
Thy cares and mine shall be alike in this, 700

Enter Stukley and the rest.

And thou and I will liue and die together.
And now braue English-men to you,

Whom

The battell of Alcazar

Whom angrie stormes haue put into our bay,
Hold not your fortune ere the worse in this,
We holde our strangers honors in our hand,
And for distressed franke and free reliefe,
Tell me then Stukley, for thats thy name I trow,
Wilt thou in honor of thy countries fame,
710 Hazard thy person in this braue exploit,
And follow vs to fruitfull Barbarie,
With these fixe thousand souldiers thou hast brought
And choicely pickt through wanton Italy,
Thou art a man of gallant personage,
Proud in thy lookes, and famous euerie waie,
Frankly tell me, wilt thou go with me?
Stuk. Couragious king, the wonder of my thoughts
And yet my Lord, with pardon vnderstand,
My selfe and these, whom weather hath infortt,
720 To lie at roade vpon thy gracious coast,
Did bend our course and made amaine for Ireland.
Sebast. For Ireland Stukley, thou mistakst me wonderous much,
With feuen shippes, two pinnaces, and fixe thousand
men,
I tell thee Stukley, they are farre too weake,
To violate the Queene of Irelands right,
For Irelands Queene commandeth Englands force,
Were euerie ship ten thousand on the seas,
730 Mand with the strength of all the Easterne kings,
Conuaying all the monarchs of the world,
To inuade the Iland where her highnes raignes,
Twere all in vaine, for heauens and destinies
Attend and wait vpon her Maiestie,
Sacred, imperiall, and holy is her seate,
Shining with wisedome, loue and mightines.
Nature that euerie thing imperfect made,
Fortune that neuer yet was constant found,

Time

in Barbarie.

Time that defaceth euerie golden shew,
Dare not decay, remoue, or be impure, 740
Both nature, time and fortune, all agree,
To blesse and serue her roiall maiestie,
The wallowing Ocean hems her round about,
Whose raging flouds do swallow vp her foes,
And on the rockes their ships in peeces split,
And euen in Spaine where all the traitors dance,
And plaie themselues vpon a funny daie,
Securely gard the west part of her Isle,
The South the narrow Britaine sea begirts,
Where Veptune sits in triumph, to direct 750
Their course to hell that aime at her disgrace,
The Germaine seas alongst the East do run,
Where Nenus banquets all her water Nymphs,
That with her beautie glansing on the waues,
Disdaines the checke of faire Proserpina,
Aduise thee then proud Stukley ere thou passe,
To wrong the wonder of the highest God,
Sith danger, death and hell doth follow thee,
Thee and them all that seeke to danger her.
If honor be the marke wherat thou aimst, 760
Then followe me in holy christian warres,
And leaue to seeke thy Countries ouerthrow.

Stuk. Rather my Lord, let me admire these wordes,
Than answere to your firme obiections,
His holynes Pope Gregorie the seuenth,
Hath made vs foure the leaders of the rest,
Amongst the rest my Lord, I am but one,
If they agree, Stukley will be the first
To die with honor for Sebastian.

Sebast. Tell me Lord Bishop, Captaines tell me all, 770
Are you content to leaue this enterprise,
Against your countrie and your countrie men,
To aide Mahamet king of Barbarie?

D

Bish

The battell of Alcazar

Bisb. To aide Mahamet king of Barbarie,
Tis gainst our vowes great king of Portugall.

Sebast. Then Captaines what saie you?

Jonas I saie my Lord as the Bishop said,
We may not turne from conquering Ireland.

Herc. Our countrie and our country-men will con-
780 demne

Vs worthie of death, if we neglect our vowes.

Sebast. Consider Lords you are now in Portugall,
And I may now dispose of you and yours.
Hath not the winde and weather giuen you vp,
And made you captiues to our roiall will?

Jonas. It hath my Lord, and willingly wee yeeld
To be commanded by your maiestie,
But if you make vs voluntarie men,
Our course is then direct for Ireland.

790 *Sebast.* That course will we direct for Barbary,
Follow me Lords, Sebastian leades the way,
To plant the christian fath in Affrica.

Stuk. Saint George for England, and Irelande nowe
adue,

For here Tom Stukley shapes his course anue.

Exit.

Act III

Enter the presenter and speakes.

Lo thus into a lake of bloud and gore,
The braue couragious king of Portugall
800 Hath drencht himselfe, and now prepares amaine
With failes and oares to crosse the swelling seas,
With men and ships, courage and canon shot,
To plant this cursed Moore in fatall houre,
And in this Catholike case the king of Spaine
Is cald vpon by sweet Sebastian.
Who surfetting in prime time of his youth,

Vpon

in Barbarie.

Vpon ambitious poison dies thereon.
 By this time is the Moore to Tangar come,
 A citie longing to the Portugall,
 And now doth Spaine promise with holy face, 810
 As fauouring the honor of the cause,
 His aide of armes, and leuies men apace,
 But nothing lesse than king Sebastians good
 He meanes, yet at Sucor de Tupea,
 He met some saie in person with the Portugall,
 And treateth of a marriage with the king,
 But ware ambitious wiles and poisoned eies,
 There was nor aide of armes nor marriage,
 For on his waie without those Spaniardes king Seba-
 stian went. 820

Enter the king of Portugall and his Lordes, Lewes de Syl- Act III
ua, and the Embassadors of Spaine. sc. i

Seb. Honorable Lords, Embassadors of Spaine,
 The many fauors by our meetings done
 From our beloued and renowned brother,
 Philip the Catholike king of Spaine
 Say therefore good my Lord Embassador,
 Saie how your mightie master minded is,
 To propagate the fame of Portugall.

Embas. To propagate the fame of Portugall, 830
 And plant religious truth in Affrica,
 Philip the great and puissant king of Spaine,
 For loue and honor of Sebastians name,
 Promiseth aide of armes, and sweares by vs
 To doe your maiestie all the good he can,
 With men, munition, and supply of warre,
 Of Spaniards proud in king Sebastians aide,

D 2

To

The battell of Alcazar

To spend their blouds in honor of their Christ.

Legate. And farther to manifest vnto your maiesty
840 How much the Catholike king of Spaine affects
This warre with Moores and men of little faith,
The honour of your euerlasting praise,
Behold to honor and inlarge thy name,
He maketh offer of his daughter Isabel,
To linke in marriage with the braue Sebastian,
And to inrich Sebastians noble wife,
His maiestie with promise to resigne
The titles of the Islands of Moloccus,
That by his roialtie in Iudah he commands
850 These fauors with vnfaigned loue and zeale,
Voweth king Philip to king Sebastian.

Sebast. And God so deale with king Sebastians soul
As iustly he intends to fight for Christ,
Nobles of Spaine, sith our renowned brother,
Philip the king of honor and of zeale,
By you the chofen Orators of Spaine,
The offer of the holdes he makes
Are not so precious in our account,
As is the peerlesse dame whom we adore,
860 His daughter, in whose loyaltie consists
The life and honor of Sebastian.
As for the aide of armes he promiseth,
We will expect, and thankfully receiue
At Cardis, as we saile alongst the coast.
Sebastian clap thy hands for ioy,
Honourd by this meeting and this match,
Go Lords and follow to the famous warre
Your king, and be his fortune such in all,
As he intends to manage armes in right.

870 *Exeunt.*

Manet Stukley and another.

Stuk. Sit fast Sebastian, and in this worke

God

in Barbarie.

God and good men labor for Portugall,
For Spaine disguising with a double face,
Flatters thy youth and forwardnes good king,
Philip whome some call the catholike king,
I feare me much thy faith will not be firme,
But disagree with thy profefsion.

The other. What then shall of these men of warre become, 880

Those numbers that do multiply in Spaine?

Stuk. Spaine hath a vent for them and their supplies,
The Spaniard readie to imbarke himselfe,
Heere gathers to a head, but all to fure,
Flanders I feare shall feele the force of Spaine,
Let Portugall fare as he may or can,
Spaine meanes to spend no powder on the moores.

The other. If kings doo dally so with holy oaths,
The heauens will right the wrongs that they sustaine,
Philip if these forgeries be in thee, 890
Assure thee king, twill light on thee at last,
And when proud Spaine hopes foundly to preuaile,
The time may come that thou and thine shall faile.

Exit.

*Enter Abdelmelec, Muly Mahamet Setb, Zareo Act III
and their Trainee. sc. ii*

Abdelm. The Portugall lead with deceiuing hope,
Hath raifde his power, and receiu'd our foe
With honorable welcomes and regard,
And left his countrie bounds, and hether bends, 900
In hope to helpe Mahamet to a crowne,
And chafe vs hence, and plant this Negro moore
That clads himselfe in coat of hammerd steele,
To heaue vs from the honor we possesse,
But for I haue my selfe a fouldier bin,

D 3

I haue

The battell of Alcazar

I haue in pittie to the *Portugall*
Sent secret messengers to counsell him.
As for the aide of Spaine whereof they hop'd,
We haue dispatcht our letters to their prince,
910 To craue that in a quarrell so vniust,
He that intituled is the Catholike king,
Would not asist a carelesse christian prince,
And as by letters we are let to know,
Our offer of the seuen holdes we made,
He thankfully receines, with all conditions,
Differing in minde farre from all his wordes
And promises to king Sebastian,
As we would wish, or you my Lords desire.

Zareo. What resteth then but *Abdelmelec* may
920 Beate backe this proud inuading *Portugall*,
And chastice this ambitious Negro moore
With thousand deaths for thousand damned deeds.

Abdilm. Forward *Zareo* and ye manly moores,
Sebastian see in time vnto thy selfe,
If thou and thine misled doe thriue amisse,
Guiltlesse is *Abdilmelec* of thy blood.

Exeunt.

Act III Enter *Don de Menyfis* gouernor of *Tangar*, with his com-
sc. iii panie speaking to the Captaine.

930 *Gouer.* Captaine, we haue receiued Letters from the
king,
That with such signes and arguments of loue,
We entertaine the king of Barbarie,
That marcheth toward *Tangar* with his men,
The poore remainders of those that fled from *Fesse*,
When *Abdilmelec* got the glorious day,
And stald himselfe in his emperiall throne.

Cap. Lord gouernor, we are in readines
To welcome and receiue this haplesse king,

Chafed

in Barbarie.

Chafed from his land by angrie Amurath,
And if the right rest in this lustie Moore,
Bearing a princely heart vnvanquishable,
A noble resolution than it is,
In braue Sebastian our christian king,
To aide this Moore with his victorious armes,
Thereby to propagate religious truth,
And plant his springing praise in Affrica.

Ano. Capt. But when ariues this braue Sebastian,
To knit his forces with this manly Moore,
That both in one, and one in both may ioyne
In this attempt of noble consequence?
Our men of Tangar long to see their king,
Whose princely face that lyke the summers sonne,
Glads all these hether parts of Barbarie.

Gouern. Captaines, he commeth hetherward amaine,
Top and top gallant, all in braue araie
The 26. daie of Iune he lefte the bay of Lisborne,
And with all his fleete at Cardis happily he
Ariu'de in Spaine the eight of Iuly, tarrying for the aide
That *Philip* king of Spaine had promised,
And fiftene daies he there remaind aboard,
Expecting when this Spanishe force would come,
Nor slept a shore as he were going still:
But Spaine that meant and minded nothing lesse,
pretends a sodaine feare and care to keepe
His owne from Amuraths fierce inuasion,
And to excuse his promise to our king,
For which he stormes as great Achilles earst.
Lying for want of winde in Aldest gulfe,
And hoiseth vp his sailes, and anchors waighs,
And hetherward he comes, and lookes to meete
This manly Moore, whose case he vndertakes,
Therefore go we to welcome and rescue,
With canon shot, and shouts of yong and olde,

This

The battell of Alcazar

This fleet of Portugals and troupe of Moores.

Exit.

Act III *The Trumpets sound, the chambers are dischargde. Then*
sc. iv *enter the king of Portugall and the Moore, with all theyr*
 traine.

980 *Sebast.* Muly Mahamet king of Barbarie
Well met, and welcome to our towne of Tanger,
After this sodaine shocke and haplesse warre,
Welcome braue Queene of Moores, repose thee here,
Thou and thy noble sonne, and souldiers all,
Ropose you here in king Sebastians towne.
Thus farre in honor of thy name and aide
Lord Mahamet, we haue aduentured
To winne for thee a kingdome, for our selues
Fame, and performance of those promises,
990 That in thy faith and roialtie thou hast
Sworne to Sebastian king of *Portugall*,
And thriue it so with thee as thou doest meane,
And meane thou so as thou doest wish to thriue,
And if our Christ for whom in chiefe we fight,
Heereby to inlarge the bounds of christendome,
Fauor this warre, and as I do not doubt,
Send victorie to light vpon my crest.
Braue Moore I will aduance thy kingly sonne,
And with a diademe of pearle and golde,
1000 Adorne thy temples and inrich thy head,
 Moore O braue Sebastian noble *Portugall*,
Renowmd and honourd euer maist thou bee,
Triumphier ouer those that menace thee.
The hellish prince grim *Pluto* with his mace
Ding downe my soule to hel, and with this soule
This sonne of mine, the honor of my house,
But I performe religiously to thee,

That

in Barbarie.

That I haue holyly earft vndertane,
And that thy Lords and Captaines may perceiue
My minde in this fingle and pure to be, 1010
As pure as is the water of the brooke,
My deareft fonne to thee I doo ingage,
Receiue him Lord in hofage of my vow,
For euen my minde prefageth to my felfe,
That in fome flauifh fort I fhall beholde
Him dragde along this running riuer shore,
A fpectacle to dant the pride of thofe
That climbe aloft by force, and not by right.

The Moores fonne. Nor can it otherwife befall the man
That keeps his feate and fcepter all in feare, 1020
That weares his crowne in eie of all the world,
Reputed theft and not inheritance.
What title then hath Abdilmelec here,
To barre our father or his progenie,
Right roiall prince, hereof you make no doubt,
Agreeing with your wholfome chriitian lawes,
Helpe then couragious Lord with hand and fword,
To cleere his waie, whose lets are lawleffe men,
And for this deede ye all fhall be renownmd,
Renownmd and chronicled in bookes of fame, 1030
In bookes of fame and caracters of braffe,
Of braffe, nay beaten golde, fight then for fame,
And finde the Arabian Muly Hamet here,
Aduenturous, bold, and full of rich reward.

Stuk. Braue boy, how plaine this princely mind in
thee
Argues the height and honor of thy birth,
And well haue I obferu'd thy forwardnes,
Which being tendred by your maieftie,
No doubt the quarrell opened by the mouth 1040
Of this yong prince vnpartially to vs,
May animate and hearten all the hoaft,

E

To

The battell of Alcazar

To fight against the deuill for Lord Mahamet.

Sebast. True Stukley, and so freshly to my minde,
Hath this yong prince redus'd his fathers wrong,
That in good time I hope this honors fire,
Kindled alreadie with regard of right,
Bursts into open flames, and cals for warres,
Warres, warres to plant the true succeeding prince.
1050 Lord Mahamet, I take thy noble sonne
A pledge of honor, and shal vse him so.
Lord Lodowicke, and my good Lord of Auero
See this yong prince conuaide safe to Messagon,
And there accompanide as him fitteth best,
And to this warre prepare ye more and lesse,
This rightfull warre, that Christians God will blesse.
Exeunt.

Act IV

Actus 4.

The presenter speaketh.

1060 Now hardned is this haplesse heathen prince,
And strengthned by the armes of Portugall,
This Moore, this murderer of his progenie.
And warre and weapons now, and bloud and death
Wait on the counsels of this cursed king:
And to a bloudie banket he inuites
The braue Sebastian and his noble peeres.

Enter to the bloudie banket.

In fatall houre ariu'd this peerelesse prince,
To loose his life, his life and many liues
1070 Of lustie men, couragious Portugals,
Drawen by ambitious golden looks,
Let fame of him no wrongfull censure sound,

Honor

in Barbarie.

Honour was object of his thoughtes, ambition was
his ground. *Exit.*

Enter Abdilmelec and his traine.

Act IV
sc. i

Abdilm. Now tell mee Celybin, what doeth the enemy?

Celybin. The enemy dread lord, hath left the towne
Of Areil, with a thousand souldiers armed,
To gard his fleet of thirteene hundred saile, 1080
And mustering of his men before the wals,
He found he had two thousand armed horse,
And foureteene thousand men that serue on foot,
Three thousand pioners, and a thousand cochmen,
Besides a number almost numberlesse
Of drudges, Negroes, slaues and Muliters,
Horse-boies, landresses and curtizans,
And fifteene hundred waggons full of stufte
For noble men, brought vp in delicate.

Abdil. Alas good king, thy fore-fight hath bin small 1090
To come with women into Barbarie,
With landresse, with baggage, and with trash,
Numbers vnfit to multiplie thy hoast.

Cely. Their payment in the campe is passing slow,
And victuals scarce, that many faint and die.

Abdilm. But whether marcheth he in all this hast?

Cely. Some thinkes he marcheth hetherward,
And meanes to take this citie of Alcazar.

Abdil. Vnto Alcazar, O vnconstant chance!

Cely. The braue and valiant king of Portugall 1100
Quarters his power in foure batalians,
Afront the which, to welcome vs withall,
Are fixe and thirtie roaring peeces plaft,
The first consisting of light armed horse,
And of the garifons from Tangar brought

The battell of Alcazar

- Is lead by Aluaro Peres de Tauero,
The left or middle battell of Italians,
And Germane horſe-men Stukley doth command,
A warlike Engliſhman ſent by the pope,
1110 That vainly calls himſelfe Marques of Ireland.
Alonſo Aquilaz conducts the third,
That wing of Germaine ſouldiers moſt conſiſts.
The fourth legion is none but Portugals,
Of whom Lodeuico Cæſar hath the chiefſt charge,
Beſides there ſtand fixe thouſand horſe
Brauely attirde, preſt where need requires.
Thus haue I tolde your roiall maieſtie,
How he is plac'd to braue his fight.
Abdil. But where's our nephew Muly Mahamet?
1120 *Cely* He marcheth in the middle, garded about
With full five hundred hargubuze on foote,
And twice three thouſand needleſſe armed pikes.
Zareo. Great ſoueraigne, vouchſafe to heare me ſpeak,
And let Zareos counſell now preuaile,
Whilſt time doth ſerue, and that theſe Chriſtians dare
Approch the field with warlike Enſignes ſpread,
Let vs in haſt with all our forces meete,
And hemme them in, that not a man eſcape,
So will they be aduiſde another time,
1130 How they doo touch the ſhore of Barbarie.
Abdilm. Zareo, heare our reſolution,
And thus our forces we will firſt diſpoſe,
Hamet my brother with a thouſand ſhot
On horſe-backe, and choice harguebuziers all,
Hauing ten thouſand with ſpeare and ſhield,
Shall make the right wing of the battell vp,
Zareo you ſhall haue in charge the left,
Two thouſand argolets and ten thouſand horſe,
The maine battell of harguebuze on foot,
1140 And twentie thouſand horſe-men in their troupes,
- My

in Barbarie.

My selfe inuiron'd with my trustie gard
Of Ianizaries, fortunate in warre,
And toward Arzil will we take our waie,
If then our enemy will balke our force;
In Gods name let him, it will be his best,
But if he leuell at Alcazar wals,
Then beate him backe with bullets as thicke as haile,
And make him know and rue his ouerfight,
That rashly seekes the ruine of this land.

Exeunt.

1150

Enter Sebastian king of Portugall, the Duke of Auero, Act IV
Stukley, and others. *sc. ii*

Sebast. Why tell me Lords, why left ye Portugall,
And crost the seas with vs to Barbarie,
Was it to see the cuntry and no more,
Or else to slay before ye were assaild?
I am ashamd to thinke that such as you,
Whose deeds haue bin renown'd heretofore,
Should slacke in such an act of consequence,
We come to fight, and fighting vow to die,
Or else to win the thing for which we came,
Because *Abdilmelec* as pittying vs,
Sends messages to counsell quietnes,
You stand amaz'd and thinke it sound aduise,
As if our enemy would wish vs anie good,
No, let him know we scorne his curtesie,
And will resist his forces what so ere.
Cast feare aside, my selfe will leade the way,
And make a passage with my conquering sword
Knee deepe in blood of these accursed Moores,
And they that loue my honor follow me.

1160

1170

E 3

Were

The battell of Alcazar

Were you as resolute as is your king,
Alcazar wals should fall before your face,
And all the force of this Barbarian Lord
Should be confounded, were it ten times more.

Aucro. So well become these words a kingly mouth
That are of force to make a coward fight,
But when aduice and prudent fore-fight
Is ioynd with such magnanimitie,
1180 Troupes of victorie and kingly spoiles
Adorne his crowne, his kingdome, and his fame.

Herc. We haue descride vpon the mountaine tops
A hugie companie of inuading Moores,
And they my lord, as thicke as winters haile,
Will fall vpon our heads at vnawares,
Best then betimes t'auoide this gloomie storme,
It is in vaine to striue with such a streame.

Enter Muly Mabamet.

Muly Mab. Beholde thrice noble Lorde, vncalde I
1190 come,
To counsell where necessitie commands,
And honor of vndoubted victorie,
Makes me exclime vpon this dastard flight.
Why king Sebastian, wilt thou now fore-flow,
And let so great a glorie slip thy hands?
Saie you doo march vnto Tariffa now,
The forces of the foe are come so nigh,
That he will let the passage of the riuier,
So vnawares you will be forst to fight.
1200 But know O king, and you thrice valiant Lords,
Few blowes will serue, I aske but onely this,
That with your power you march into the field,
For now is all the armie resolute,
To leaue the traitor helpelesse in the fight,

And

in Barbarie.

And flie to me as to their rightfull prince,
Some horſe-men haue alreadie lead the waie,
And vow the like for their companions,
The hoſt is full of tumult and of feare.
Then as you come to plant me in my ſeate,
And to inlarge your fame in Affrica,
Now, now or neuer brauely execute
Your reſolution ſound and honorable,
And end this warre together with his life,
That doth vſurpe the crowne with tyrannie.

1210

Sebaſt. Captaines, you heare the reaſons of the king,
Which ſo effectually haue pearſt wine eares,
That I am fully reſolute to fight,
And who refuseth now to follow me,
Let him be euer counted cowardly.

Auero. Shame be his ſhare that flies when kings do
fight,

Auero laies his life before your feet.

Stukley For my parte Lordes, I cannot ſell my bloud
Deerer than in the companie of kings.

Exeunt.

Manet Muly Mahamet.

Muly Ma. Now haue I ſet theſe Portugals aworke,
To hew a waie for me vnto the crowne,
Or with your weapons here to dig your graues,
You daſtards of the night and Erybus,
Fiends, Fairies, hags that fight in beds of ſteele,
Range through this armie with your yron whips,
Driue forward to this deed this chriſtian crew,
And let me triumph in the tragedie,
Though it be ſeald and honourd with my bloud,
Both of the Portugall and barbarous Moore,
Ride Nemifis, ride in thy fire cart,

1230

And

The battell of Alcazar

And sprinkle gore amongst these men of warre,
That either partie eager of reuenge,
1240 May honor thee with sacrifice of death,
And hauing bath'd thy chariot wheeles in bloud,
Descend and take to thy tormenting hell,
The mangled bodie of that traitor king,
That scornes the power and force of Portugall.
Then let the earth discouer to his ghost,
Such tortures as vsurpers feelee below,
Rackt let him be in proud Ixions wheele,
Pinde let him be with Tantalus endlesse thirst,
Praie let him be to Tifons greedie bird,
1250 Wearied with Sifiphus immortall toile,
And lastly for reuenge, for deepe reuenge,
Whereof thou goddesse and deuifer art,
Damnd let him be, damnd and condemnd to beare
All torments, tortures, plagues and paines of hell.

Exit.

*Act V Enter the Presenter before the last dumbe show,
and speaketh.*

Ill be to him that so much ill bethinkes,
And ill betide this foule ambitious Moore,
1260 Whose wily traines with smootheft course of speech,
Hath tide and tangled in a dangerous warre,
The fierce and manly king of Portugall.

Lightning and thunder.

Nowe throwe the heauens forth their lightning
flames,

And thunder ouer Affrickes fatall fields,
Bloud will have bloud, foul murder scape no scourge.

*Enter Fame like an Angell, and hangs the
crownes vpon a tree.*

1270 At last descendeth fame as Iris,

To

in Barbarie.

To finish fainting Didoes dying lyfe,
Fame from her stately bowre doth descend,
And on the tree as fruit new ripe to fall,
Placeth the crownes of these vnhappie kings,
That earst she kept in eie of all the world.

Heere the blazing Starre.

Now fire starres and streaming comets blaze,
That threat the earth and princes of the same.

Fire workes.

Fire, fire about the axiltree of heauen,
Whoorles round, and from the foot of Casyopa
In fatall houre consumes these fatall crownes,

1280

One fals.

Downe fals the diademe of Portugall,

The other fals.

The crownes of Barbary and kingdomes fall,
Ay me, that kingdomes may not stable stand,
And now approaching neere the dismall day,
The bloudie daie wherein the battels ioyned,
Mondaie the fourth of August seuentie eight,
The sunne shines wholly on the parched earth,
The brightest planet in the highest heauen,
The heathens eager bent against their foe,
Giue onfet with great ordnance to the warre.
The christians with great noise of canon shot,
Send angrie onsets to the enemye.
Geue eare and heare how warre begins his song,
With dreadfull clamors, noise, and trumpets found.

1290

Exit.

1299

Alarums within, let the chambers be discharged, then
enter to the battell, and the Moores flie.

*Act V
sc. i*

Skirmish still, then enter Abdilmelec in his chaire, Zareo and their traine.

Abdil. Saie on Zareo, tell me all the newes,
Tell me what furie rangeth in our campe,

F

That

The battell of Alcazar

That hath inforst our Moores to turne their backs.
Zareo saie, what chance did bode this ill,
What ill inforst this dastard cowardise?

Zareo. My Lord, such chance as wilfull warre affords
1310 Such chances and misfortunes as attend
On him, the God of battell and of armes,
My Lord, when with our ordenance fierce we sent
Our Moores with smaller shot as thicke as haile,
Followes apace to charge the Portugall,
The valiant Duke the deuill of Auero,
The bane of Barbary, fraughted full of ire
Breakes through the rankes, and with fiew hundred
horffe

All men at armes, forward and full of might,
1320 Assaults the middle wing, and puts to flight
Eight thousand Harquebush that seru'd on foot,
And twentie thousand Moores with speare & sheild:
And therewithall the honour of the day.

Abdel. Ah Abdelmelec doost thou liue to heare
This bitter proceffe of this first attempt?
Labour my Lords to renew our force,
Of fainting Moores, and fight it to the last.
My horffe Zareo, O the goale is lost,
The goale is lost, thou King of Portugall
1330 Thrice happy chance it is for thee and thine
That heauens abates my strength and calles me hence.
My fight doth faile, my soule, my feeble soule
Shall be releaste from prison on this earth:
Farwell vaine world for I haue playd my parte.

He dyeth.

A long Skirmidge, and then enter his brother Muly Mahomet Seth.

Muly. Braue Abdelmelec, thou thrise noble Lord,
Not such a wound was giuen to Barbary,

Had

in Barbarie.

Had twenty hoasts of men beene put to swoord 1340
As death, pale death with fatall shaft hath giuen.
Loe dead is he, my brother and my King
Whome I might haue reuiu'd with newes I bring.

Zareo. His honours and his types he hath refigne
Vnto the world, and of a manly man
Loe, in a twinckling a fencelesse stocke we see.

Muly. You trustie soldiers of this warlike King,
Be counsaile now by vs in this aduise,
Let not his death be bruted in the campe,
Least with the sodaine sorrowe of the newes, 1350
The armye wholly be discomfited.

My Lord Zareo thus I comforte you,
Our Moores haue brauely borne themselues in fight
Likely to get the honour of the day
If ought may gotten be where losse is such.
Therefore in this apparell as he dyed
My noble brother will we heere aduance
And set him in his chayre with cunning props,
That our Barbarians may beholde their King
And thinke he doth repose him in his Tent. 1360

Zareo. Right pollitique and good is your aduice,
Goe then to see it speedily performd.
Braue Lord, if Barbary recouer this,
Thy soule with ioy will sit and see the fight.

Exeunt.

Alarmes. Enter to the battaile, and the christians flye. The Duke of Auero slaine.

Enter Sebastian and Stukeley.

Sebast. Seest thou not Stukley, O Stukley seest 1370
thou not
The great dishonour doone to Christendome?

F 2

Our

The battell of Alcazar

Our cheerfull onset crost in springing hope,
The braue and mightie prince, Duke of Auero
Slaine in my fight, now ioy betide his ghost,
For like a lyon did he beare himselfe.

Our battels are all now disordered,
And by our horses strange retiring backe,
Our middle wing of foot-men ouer-rod.

1380 Stukley, alas I see my ouer-fight,
False hearted Mahamet, now to my cost,
I see thy trecherie, warnd to beware
A face so full of fraud and villanie.

Alarums within, and they runne out, and two set vp-
pon Stukley, and he driueth them in.

Then enter the Moore and his boy flying.

Moore. Villaine, a horse.

Boy. Oh my Lord, if you returne you die.

Moore. Villaine I saie, giue me a horse to flie,

1390 To swimme the riuer villaine, and to flie.

Exit boy.

Where shall I finde some vnfrequented place,
Some vncouth walke where I may curse my fill,
My starres, my dam, my planets and my nurse,
The fire, the aire, the water, and the earth,
All causes that haue thus conspirde in one,
To nourish and preferue me to this shame,
Thou that wert at my birth predominate,
Thou fatall starre, what planet ere thou be,

1400 Spit out thy poison bad, and all the ill
That fortune, fate or heauen may bode a man.
Thou Nurse infortunate, guiltie of all:
Thou mother of my life that broughtst me forth,
Curst maist thou be for such a curled sonne,
Curst be thy sonne with euerie curse thou hast,
Ye Elements of whome consists this clay,

This

in Barbarie.

This masse of flesh, this cursed crazed corpes,
Destroy, dissolue, disturbe, and dissipate,
What water, earth, and aire conieald.

Alarums and enter the boy.

1410

Boy. Oh my Lorde, these ruthlesse Moores pursue
you at the heeles,
And come amaine to put you to the sword.

Moore. A horse, a horse, villaine a horse,
That I may take the riuer straight and flie,

Boy. Here is a horse my Lord,
As swiftly pac'd as Pegafus,
Mount thee thereon, and saue thy selfe by flight.

Moore. Mount me I will,
But may I neuer passe the riuer till I be
Reuengde vpon thy soule accursed Abdilmelec,
If not on earth, yet when we meete in hell,
Before grim Minos, Rodamant, and Eocus,
The cumbat will I craue vpon thy ghost,
And drag thee thorough the lothsome pooles,
Of Lethes, Stikes, and fire Phlegiton.

1420

Exit.

Alarums.

Enter Stukley with two Italians.

Herc. Stand traitor, stand ambitious English-man, 1430
Proud Stukley stand, and stirre not ere thou die,
Thy forwardnes to follow wrongfull armes,
And leaue our famous expedition earst,
Intended by his holynes for Ireland,
Fouly hath here betraide, and tide vs all
To ruthlesse furie of our heathen foe,
For which as we are sure to die,
Thou shalt paie satisfaction with thy bloud.

F3

Stuk.

The battell of Alcazar

- Stuk.* Auant base villaines, twit ye me with shame
1440 Or infamie of this iniurious warre?
When he that is the iudge of right and wrong
Determines battaile as him pleafeth beft.
But fith my ftarres bode me this tragicke end
That I muft perrifh by thefe barbarous Moores,
Whofe weapons haue made paffage for my foule
That breakes from out the prifon of my breft,
Ye proud malicious dogges of Italy
Strike on, ftrike downe this body to the earth
Whofe mounting minde ftoopes to no feeble ftroke.
1450 *Stab him.*
Ionas. Why fuffer we this English man to liue?
Villaine bleed on, thy blood in chanel run
And meet with thofe whome thou to death haft doon
Exeunt.
Stuk. Thus Stukley flaine with many a deadly ftab,
Dyes in thefe defart feilds of Affrica.
Harke freindes, and with the ftory of my life
Let me beguile the torment of my death.
In Englands London Lordings was I borne,
1460 On that braue Bridge, the barre that thwarts the
Thames.
My golden dayes, my yonger carelefse yeeres,
Were when I toucht the height of Fortunes wheele,
And liu'd in affluence of wealth and eafe.
Thus in my Countrie carried long aloft,
A difcontented humor draue me thence
To croffe the Seas to Ireland, then to Spaine,
There had I welcome and right royall pay
Of Phillip, whome fome call the Catholique King,
1470 There did Tom Stukley glitter all in golde,
Mounted vpon his Iennet white as fnowe,
Shining as Phœbus in King Phillips Court,
There like a Lord, famous Don Stukley liu'd,

For

in Barbarie.

For so they calde me in the Court of Spaine
 Till for a blowe I gaue a Bishops man,
 A strife gan rise betweene his Lord and me,
 For which, we both were banisht by the King.
 From thence, to Rome rides Stukley all a flaunt,
 Receiud with royall welcomes of the Pope.
 There was I grac'd by Gregorye the great, 1480
 That then created me Marquis of Ireland.
 Short be my tale, because my life is short,
 The coast of Italy and Rome I left.
 Then was I made Leiftennant Generall
 Of those small Forces that for Ireland went,
 And with my companies embarkt at Austria
 My Sayles I spred, and with these men of warre
 In fatall houre at Lishborne we ariu'd.
 From thence to this, to this hard exigent
 Was Stukley driuen to fight or els to dye, 1490
 Dar'd to the field, that neuer could endure
 To heare God Mars his drum, but he must martch.
 Ah sweet Sebastian, hadst thou beene well aduise
 Thou mightst haue manag'd armes sucseffully.
 But from our Cradles we were marked all
 And destinate to dye in Affric heere.
 Stukley, the story of thy life is tolde,
 Here breath thy last and bid thy freindes farwell.
 And if thy Countries kindnes be so much,
 Then let thy Countrie kindly ring thy knell. 1500
 Now goe, and in that bed of honour dye
 Where braue Sebastians breathles Course doth lye.
 Heere endeth Fortune, rule, and bitter rage:
 Heere ends Tom Stukleys pilgrimage. He dyeth

Enter Muly Mahomet Seth and his traine,
 with Drums and Trumpets.
Muly. Retreat is sounded through our Camp, & now
From

The battell of Alcazar

- From battells furie cease our conquering Moores,
Paie thanks to heauen with sacrificing fire,
1510 Alcazar and ye townes of Barbarie.
Now hast thou sit as in a trance and seene,
To thy soules ioy and honor of thy house,
The trophes and the triumphs of thy men,
Great Abdilmelec and the God of kings,
Hath made thy warre succesfull by thy right,
His friends whom death and fates hath tane from thee,
Lo this was he that was the peoples pride,
And cheerfull Sun-shine to his subiects all,
Now haue him hence, that roially he may
1520 Be buried and imbalmd, as is meete.
Zareo, haue you thorough the campe proclaimd
As earst we gaue in charge?
Zareo. We haue my Lorde, and rich rewardes pro-
posde
For them that finde the bodie of the king,
For by those gard that had him in their charge,
We vnderstand that he was done to death,
And for his searh two prisoners Portugals
Are set at large to finde their roiall king.
1530 Muly Mab. But of the traitrous Moore you heare
no newes.
That fled the field and fought to swim the foord?
Zareo. Not yet my Lord, but doubtlesse God wil tell
And with his finger point out where he hants.
Muly Mab. So let it rest, and on this earth bestow
This princely coarfe, till further for his funerals
We prouide.
Zareo. From him to thee as true succeeding prince,
With all allegiance, and with honors tipes,
1540 In name of all thy people and thy land,
We giue this kingly crowne and diademe.
Muly. We thanke you all, and as my lawfull right,
With

in Barbarie.

With Gods defence and yours shall I keepe.

Enter two Portugals with the bodie of the king.

Port. As gaue your grace in charge, right roiall prince,
The fields and sandie plaines we haue suruaide,
And euen among the thickest of his Lords,
The noble king of Portugall we found
Wrapt in his coulours coldly on the earth,
And done to death with many a mortall wound. 1550

Mab. Lo here my Lords, this is the earth and claie,
Of him that earst was mightie king of Portugall,
There let him lie, and you for this be free,
To make returne from hence to christendome.

Enter two bringing in the Moore.

One. Long liue the mightie king of Barbary.

Mab. Welcome my friend, what bodie hast thou
there?

One. The bodie of the ambitious enemie,
That squandred all this bloud in Affrica, 1560
Whose mallice sent so many soules to hell,
The traitor Muly Mahamet doo I bring,
And for thy slaue I throw him at thy feet.

Mab. Zareo, giue this man a rich reward,
And thanked be the God of iust reuenge,
That he hath giuen our foe into our hands,
Beastly, vnarmed, slauish, full of shame,
But saie, how came this traitor to his end?

One. Seeking to saue his life by shamefull flight,
He mounteth on a hot Barbarian horse, 1570
And so in purpose to haue past the streame,
His headstrong steed throwes him from out his seate,
Where diuing oft for lacke of skill to swim,

G

It

The battell of Alcazar

It was my chance alone to see him drownd,
Whom by the heeles I dragd from out the poole,
And hether haue him brought thus filde with mud.

Mab. A death too good for such a damned wretch,
But sith our rage and rigor of reuenge,
By violence of his end preuented is,
1580 That all the world may learne by him to auoide,
To hall on princes to iniurious warre,
His skin we will be parted from his flesh,
And being stifned out and stuf with strawe,
So to deterre and feare the lookers on,
From anie such foule fact or bad attempt,
Awaie with him.
And now my Lords, for this christian king,
My Lord Zareo, let it be your charge,
To see the souldiers tread a solempne march,
1590 Trailing their pikes and Ensignes on the ground,
So to performe the princes funeralls.

Here endeth the tragicall battell of Alcazar.



